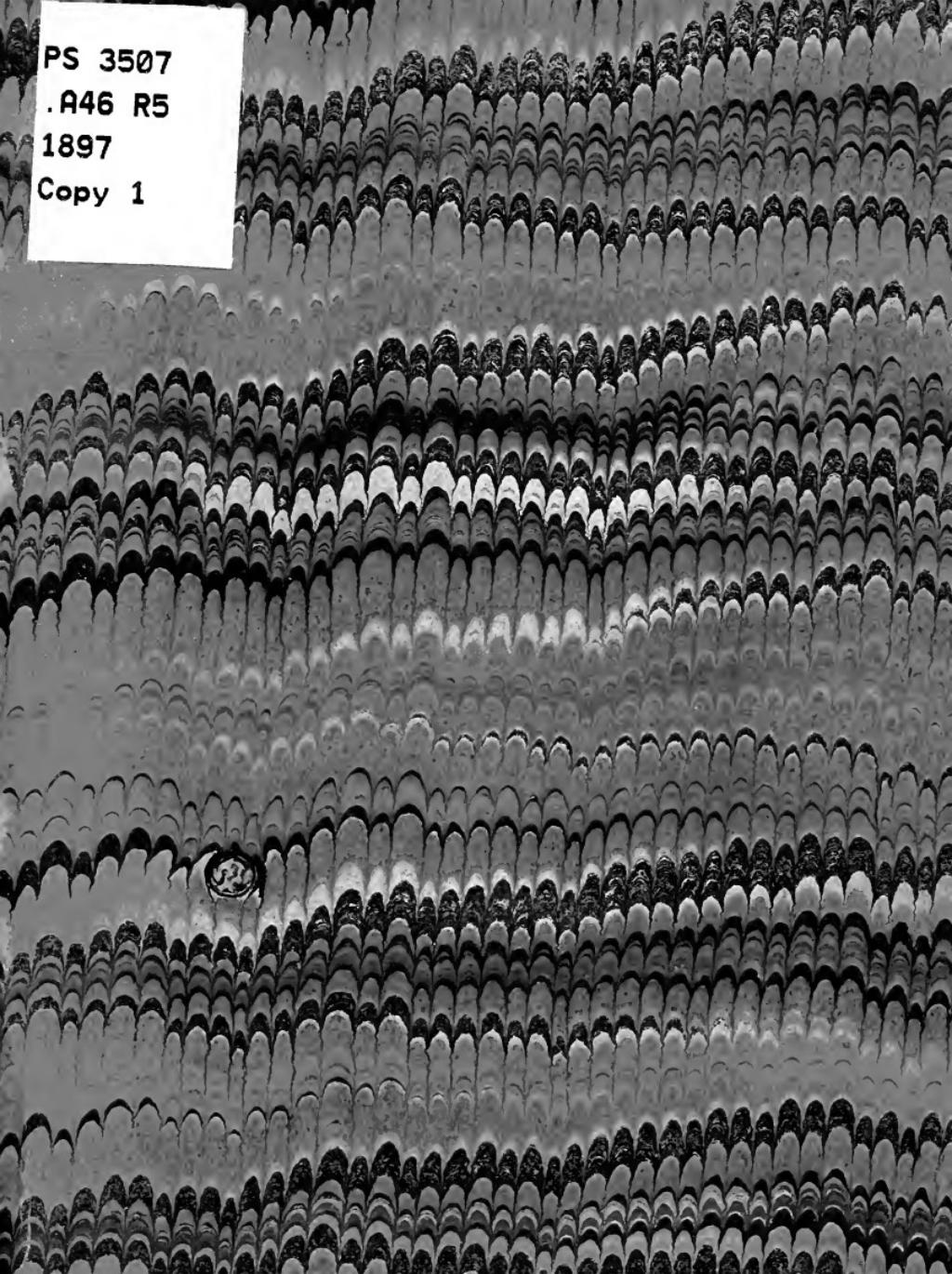


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Rhymes



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RHYMES

BY EDITH LEVERETT

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RHYMES



QUESTIONINGS.

WHO art thou, standing in the chill of dawn,
The hourglass in thy hand?
Little by little shall thy veil be drawn,
Even as falls the sand.

O New Year! If I question what shall be,
Thou art more silent than Eternity.

Speak then, my Heart! Thou beatest in my
breast

With longing like to pain—
Tell me, hast thou the courage of the blest?

Or dost thou beat in vain?
O New Year! I need not to ask of thee,
For my whole heart presageth victory.

VOYAGE OF THE SUMMER.

WE set our sails in daisy time,
The fields were white with daisies,
And soon the outline of the shore
Was lost in purple hazes.
The harbour widened to the bay,
A wondrous voyage before us lay.

A voyage so sweet that when the waves
Were yellow in a sinking sun,
And though we counted weeks of joy,
The journey seemed but scarce begun.
Our little boat sailed on and on,
The clear blue sky above us shone.

We heard no sound, save that of gulls
Settling upon the waves to rest,
O Sea, how soft thy bosom seemed !
What tender glow was in the west !
And while the earth was full of light
The moon arose and all was night.

THE HEART'S HIGH TIDE.

'TWAS a dreamy sea before me,
'Twas a dreamy wood behind,
And there came a stealing o'er me
What no search can find.

In a hammock lightly swinging,
I could faintly hear the tide,
While the wind was murmurs bringing—
Not a sound beside.

Oh, I knew in that one hour
All the beautiful in life!
All my hopes burst into flower,
Happiness was rife.

And I thought, There is perfection,
For a glimpse of it is here—
Sweet shall be the recollection
When the days are drear.

FOREBODINGS.

ASPEN, is the Summer going,
Southward through the channel flowing,
Ebbing with the tide ?
Can it be, when gentians blowing
By the brooklet, still are showing
All the Summer's pride ?

Aspen, can'st thou not be sure,
That thou waverest so ?
Pr'ythee, will the Summer linger ?
Will the Summer go ?

Comes a light breeze to embolden—
Yet the aspen's heart
Trembles—for the ferns are golden,
Vainly is such beauty holden,
Summer will depart !

PREBLE BEFORE TRIPOLI.

His ship was on the hostile seas,
His life was in his hand,
For threats were borne on every breeze
That sprung up from the land.

He looked the danger through and through,
In will his soul was steeled,
“This quite positive Christian,” who
Was never known to yield.

Gallantly did he bear his part—
Yes, and forevermore
Valour shall kindle in the heart
That loves the Commodore !

HEARTSEASE.

WHEN we grow weary of the jar
Around us, and of what we are,
How sweet it is to hold the hands
Of one who always understands !

For quickened by such sympathy
We move toward what we want to be,
While all around we hear the rune
That rises when life is in tune.

LODESTONE.

WERE my feet but free to wander
Where they list, day after day
They would seek the dear old mansion
On the leafy way.

Not a fairy wand could give us
Half the charm its walls enclose,
Only time that slowly ripens
Beauty and repose.

But wert thou in some poor cottage
Standing on a cheerless street,
Thither would my heart be turning,
Thither turn my feet.

FOREVER.

THE East is all aglow with light
And overhead the skies are bright,
The blue sea, stretching far away,
Reflects the radiance of the day,
While tenderly the west wind blows
To stir the petals of the rose.

The morning light is in thine eyes,
Within thee doth the morning rise,
Thou art as glad as is the day—
Who sees thee pauses on his way
And feels the thrilling joy of life,
Because thy passing is so blithe.

The sky is growing overcast,
The day I love so cannot last.
How desolate the nights will be,
How dark and billowy the sea,
When from the mountains sally forth
The icy tempests of the North !

But thou, my darling, evermore
Shalt be as thou hast been of yore—
Within thine heart is ample power
To shield thee from the roughest hour,
For when I speak of constancy,
Of love and truth, I speak of thee.

TO A NEIGHBOUR.

NOT only sorrow whispereth the heart,
Bidding it break if need be of concealing,
But every passion longeth for revealing,
However silently it stand apart.

And passionately doth my admiration
Of thy rare beauty quiver in my breast,
Fearing, through awe of thee, to be expressed,
Longing, through love of thee, for revelation.

TO ROSAMOND.

Rose of the world,

for whom art thou unfolding?

Whose is the heart

which thy fragrance shall fill?

His whose heart

proves itself fit for the holding,

Him to whom

every pulse answers "I will."

SONGS.

I.

THOU art going, my beloved,
Thou art going far away,
I shall not see thy face again
For many and many a day.
O my hero, my beloved,
O thou hero of my heart!

Though many know, yet none can show
How hard it is to part.

I will wait for thee, my hero,
I will wait for thy return,
Forever brighter in my thought
The love of thee shall burn.
O my hero, my beloved,
O thou hero of my heart!

Though many know, yet none can show
How hard it is to part.

We have found the pain of parting
Sharper than could have seemed,
We shall find the joy of meeting
Sweeter than we have dreamed.

O my hero, my beloved,
O thou hero of my heart!

Though many know, yet none can show
How hard it is to part.

II.

I SAT and rocked in my own little boat,
Resting upon the oar—
Mine was the happiest heart afloat,
But my thoughts were all ashore.

I watched the tide as it drifted by,
And I said—O thou lover of mine,
Behold, as the wave takes her hue from the sky,
So my life shall be coloured by thine !

III.

I HAVE no stormy skies to fear,
For thou art my fair weather,
There's balm in every clime, my dear,
While we two are together.

And so we'll take our way, my dear,
Nor stop to question whether
The rushing world be far or near
While we two are together.

ON READING SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

THROUGH love she speaketh of herself as
naught—
Is it a fault in me
That I shrink back, unwilling, from the thought
Of speaking thus to thee ?
Nay, I will reverence this life of mine,
I have but tenderness for what is thine.

FOLDED WINGS.

My eyes could rest forever on thy face,
Thy presence is as highest noon to me,
Where thou art not I count a desert place
And, thence withdrawing, walk in dreams of
thee.

O strong and sunny, O sincere soul,
Happy the heart that rests upon thy worth—
For whom thou lovest, she shall be made whole,
Finding that chord else lost to our earth !

HEIGHT AND DEPTH.

FROM the heaven I see in her eyes
The hopes that are heavenly shine,
To her height through her love I arise
And the hopes that are hers they are mine.

When from the blue depths of her eyes
The tears of her tenderness start,
I bend over those depths wherein lies
The one anchorage of my heart.

TRUST.

THERE is not a thought in my heart that could
grieve thee,

Ah, none!

For the faith leaving all things beside to be-
lieve thee

Is won.

Nor can there arise in my bosom a feeling

Estranged

From the faithfulness which thou art ever re-
vealing

Unchanged.

The troth that 'mid bridal rejoicing was plighted

Appealed

To the day when all truth shall be tested, re-
quired,

And sealed.

CONSOLATION.

ROUGH was the rock that stood upon a hill,
And here, I said, no living thing can bide.
O thou forsaken stone ! Thy rugged side
Is visited by winds that, bleak and chill,
Blow o'er this height, and all else is denied.

But then—A crevice in the rock I saw,
And, blooming there, a flower of such grace
That its delicate beauty filled the place
Which seemed so wholly desolate before—
Even so in the world I found thy face.

THE SEAT AT THE WESTERN WINDOW.

IN bygone days, when dolls were by my side,
I used to nestle in a crimson chair,
Wandering in Elysium far and wide—
Unconscious of reality or care.

My mother first had brought me to that nook,
And there she read the Iliad to me,
And there I found many a friendly book,
Filling my soul with song, with ecstasy.

The sunlight used to steal across the floor
As those enchanted hours wore away—
And then again would silently withdraw—
Yet I knew not the passing of the day

Till Twilight laid her hand upon the page,
Deepening with her mystery the spell
Which poesy hath wrought from age to age,
And as I lingered the thick darkness fell.

A THANKSGIVING.

ALL praise to God that He did bring
Into the world so sweet a thing,
To Him our thoughts she drew,
For who that looked upon her face
Or marked her step, so full of grace,
But felt His love anew !

And while she gave us great delight,
Teaching us all a maiden might
Of beauty and of worth,
Of loveliness that poets sing,
She learned herself in everything
The lessons of the earth.

She shared with those that went before
The wonders of the sea and shore,
 She knew the storm and shine—
Ay, and a ready heart had she,
A spirit full of sympathy,
 To feel all things divine.

In Heaven and earth she was beloved,
Her every talent she improved,
 She ever sought the light,
Until she found the perfect day
And the last shadow fled away
 When faith was lost in sight.

Oh, I shall joy as life rolls on
For every hour I spent with one
 Who was so dear to me !
She was to us a precious gift,
Her course was beautiful as swift,
 It had no misery.

“With angels and archangels” she
Shareth a blessed company,
Nor hath she aught to fear,
And we in that dear land above
Shall have more comfort in her love
Than could be given here.

ONWARD.

SHE was to me as is the Spring,
The budding forth of everything,
When I have dreamed all Winter long
Of leaves, of blossoms, and of song,
Or as the breaking of the dawn,
That doth such gladness bring.

For I would often muse apart
On all that can delight the heart,
And what I ever longed to know,
I saw in her expand and grow,
While that I sought, with footstep slow,
Was of her life a part.

Then in the falling of the year,
When days grow short and skies grow drear,
Across my pathway there was thrown
The darkest shadow I had known,
It fell, not over me alone,
On all who held her dear.

Alas ! Shall Winter intervene
The blossom and the fruit between ?
And shall the progress that she made,
Her beautiful advance, be stayed ?
Or must the light of morning fade
Before the noon be seen ?

Ah no, but here we only see
Sweet promises of what shall be—
To him who hopes through everything,
This life is ever as the Spring,
That shall our souls to Summer bring,
And thither brought is she.

A TOUCH.

SHE held me in her lap that day,
For we could not go out to play,
 And of her gentleness,
Whose every motion I still see
With the strong sight of memory,
 She gave me a caress.

I felt it thrill along my veins,
The sympathy that none explains—
 Long since that hour sped.
The little school-room is torn down,
For years have swept it from the town,
 Leaving brick walls instead.

And some who looked on us that day,
When other children rushed to play
 In the snow at recess,
Some might have said, The world ill deals
With one who gives and one who feels
 So tender a caress.

But in that touch she gave to me
Comfort for sorrow which should be,
 While He from Whom she came
Led her where comfort hath its rise
In the green fields of Paradise,
 And Blessed be His Name.

PARTING.

I saw her last upon the steps
And she was coming down,
But my heart was filled with a sudden dread,
For she seemed to be going up, instead,
And the sunlight fell upon her head
As if it were a crown.

Then hourly after that I prayed
That a nameless sorrow might be stayed—
But whenever I thought of her a calm
Stole over my spirit like to balm,
And I knew that she was secure from harm,
So I was not afraid.

Oh, many and many a time since then
Have I trodden the old stone steps again,
But her footprints are never effaced for me,
However-so-many the passers be,
And my heart is filled with a silent prayer
That, following on, I may find her where
She dwelleth eternally.

YEARNING.

THE oaks leaf out and ripen red
And on the ground their leaves are shed,
The seasons pass continually
Without a sight or sound of thee—
 Oh, art thou dead ?

Never will I so think of thee !
Whom I behold estranged may be,
While the unseen are often bound
To us, true nearness being found
 In sympathy.

And long ago the words were said
By which we still are comforted—
In God, thy God, our hope shall be,
“God of the living” aye is He,
 “Not of the dead.”

TO A LAD.

We wait for thee, we who need succour and
cheer,

And the world is full of us, some far and some
near.

He needs must have strength who would
wrestle with wrong—

Oh, strengthen thyself that thou mayest be
strong !

She waiteth, she to whom thou mayest be more
Than the world, and without thee her heart
will be sore.

He needs must have strength who would love
deep and long—

Oh, strengthen thyself that thou mayest be
strong !

They wait for thee, they who have won in the
fight,

Who have palms in their hands and whose
raiment is white.

He needs must have strength who would join
such a throng—

Oh, strengthen thyself that thou mayest be
strong !

He waiteth, Whose glory no mortal can see,
He watcheth for that which thy lifework shall
be.

His angels are waiting to welcome with song—
Oh, strengthen thyself that thou mayest be
strong !

TO A FRIEND.

THOU hast not fear of pain, nor dread of
death,

Grief hath no power to encompass thee,
But heroism, breathing in thy breath,
Inspireth thy task, whate'er it be.

Thy twice ten talents by the Master given,
By these He meaneth to discourage none—
Nay, rather show the boundless wealth of
Heaven,
Cheering the heart of him that hath but one.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

“GIVE tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word,”
So had we prayed—and when he spoke
We felt our prayer was heard.

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

THERE is a golden hour in the day,
When the sun shines serenely in the west,
It is the hour that is loveliest,
For all uncertainties have passed away.
The heat is tempered and the winds are lulled,
While the long shadows whisper of repose,
And from the tree of life with ease are culled
Those balmy leaves that heal all human woes.

So there is a transcendent time of year
When is perfected what has gone before,
When are fulfilled the promises of yore,
And plenty smiles upon us, far and near.
He who went forth to labour in the Spring
With a light heart, since then has often sighed—
But now he looks around him, wondering
At the full harvest and is satisfied.

There is a season in the life of man
When all his powers are ripened, and his soul,
Long disciplined and underneath control,
Expands as only mellow natures can.
For as above the hills the mountains rise,
Their snowy heights crowned by the setting
sun,
Even so old age is glorious in our eyes,
Compared with youth, whose work is but
begun.

And there is one among us, much revered,
Who has for fourscore years maintained his
course,
All unabated is his natural force,
His eye undimmed, his character unseared.
Upon his word his fellowmen rely,
His kindness is even as from above,
Like unto one who was in days gone by
The son of thunder and the soul of love.

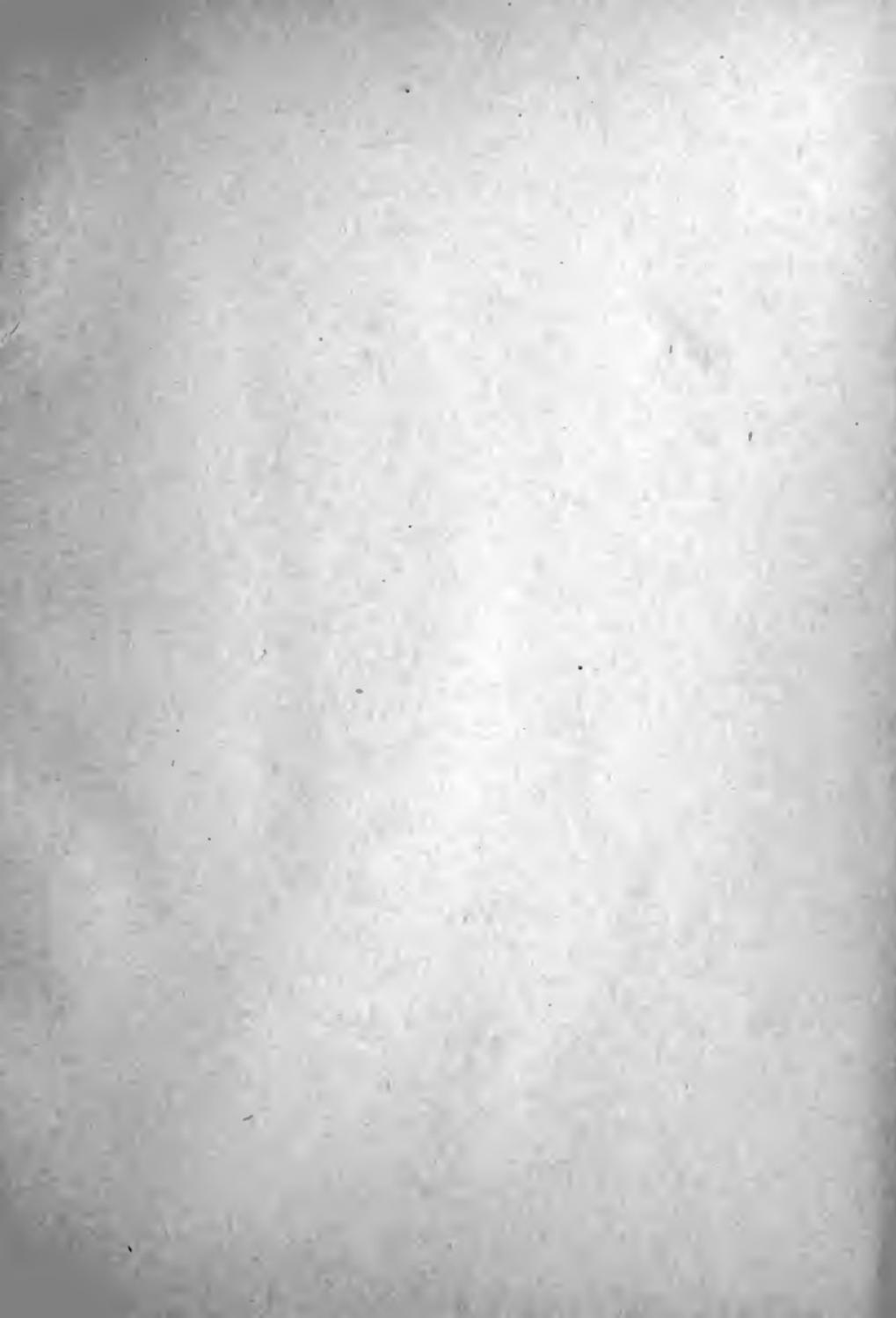
His life adorns the city of his birth,
Founded more than two centuries ago
By one whose blood in his own veins doth flow,
To him the dearest city on the earth.
Here he grew up and here he found his bride
And here, like his forefathers, he became
Deep-rooted in the soil, until with pride
The city leans upon his honoured name.

Oh, when the ground is good, and when the
blade

Springs early up and withers not away,
But grows on steadily from day to day,
By suns unparched, by tempests undismayed,
Then, as the days of harvesting draw nigh,
The full corn in the ear do we behold,
And rapture fills our hearts, as light the sky,
When the good seed brings forth an hundred-fold !







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